

London schoolmates are a terribly pinched for money just now.

The *Boston Commercial Bulletin* speaks of ungarded coal holes in the sidewalks as fall openings.

It is said that the Virginia bell punch has yielded the State a revenue of nearly \$800,000 the past year.

In a missionary school at Makawao, Sandwich Islands, there is a native girl named Broadway Tabernacle, who is supported by that church of New York City.

The will of the late Judge B. F. Thomas, of Massachusetts, leaves \$10,000 to the Friends of Antiquarian Society for the purchase of books, especially relating to the history of New England.

The Chinese at Truckee, Cal., have just tried a murderer, who was convicted and sentenced to pay \$400 to the company to remove him to China, and, in default, to have his own head chopped off.

Mr. George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia Ledger, has been down at Washington to sit for his portrait in the picture of the Electoral college, which, with the exception of a few, is now being painted by a lady named Fasset.

A man and a woman went into the office of a Vermont justice, took an oath in this form, "What we say to each other shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and departed to continue their discussion.

The Boston Post asserts that Annie Cary used to live in Durham, a little village in Maine, and the neighbors say she often heard Mrs. Cary at the washboard sing, "Annie, Annie, Annie, Annie, Annie Louise, Cary! Come into the house this minute and chop them kindlings."

The Morton Monument Association has decided to abandon the plan for the erection of a memorial hall, with the belief that it will be impossible to procure funds for the purpose. The plan of a personal monument over Mr. Morton's grave has been substituted.

The London World attacks the Marquis de Lorne in a contemptuous article which it heads "McTappertit." Tappertit being the well-known lover of Dolly Varden, the article is a satire on the Marquis, and is droll by the self-conceit which Dickens has engrained on his native littleness.

Wicked old man.—Pastor: "You know William, what a deal you have to be thankful for; you are blessed with health and strength, plenty of good things to eat, warm clothes and a comfortable bed." "Well, sir; but do you know, sometimes I can't 'pep think' as 'ow I 'as it all too out again in corns."

The forty-third anniversary of the nobling of William Lloyd Garrison in the streets of Boston was celebrated in an informal manner, at the "Woman's Club" in that city. Mr. Garrison gave a long account of the struggles of the anti-slavery cause in its early days, and speeches were made by Wendell Phillips, Mr. A. Bronson Alcott and others.

Register G. W. Scofield was asked the other day what kind of oration he trumped up, as much as of old. "Well," he answered, "the applause of mankind is nothing but a hollow mockery after all. I confess I do not care for it any more. It may be a piece of good luck, as well as a little apple-sauce, in much more agreeable to my taste now."

Mr. Henry Bergh has been much impressed by the efforts of a Georgia lady to found a society for the protection of animals. He writes to the President of the "Berkshire Society," Savannah, "Suppose this world were composed of such public spirited and benevolent ladies instead of the fashionable creatures who flock to the ball-rooms of noted watering resorts, what a blessed abode this planet of ours would be!"

In the majestic Cathedral of Westminster, London, famed as the burial place of kings, princes, nobles, and the great literature and war, there is a little cradle of child from marble, that has grown gray with time. Poor abroad beneath the canopy, and lying lowly at the little cradle's side, with cap and tassel, that press the babe so honored as to sleep beside the dust of greatness? The marble bears a name, but the record reads: "Died in 1600, Sophia, wife of James I.; died in 1600, aged three days."

A clergyman said that he once visited a lady of his parish, who had just lost her husband, in order to offer consolation; and upon her earnest inquiries as to the reunion of families in heaven he strongly asserted his belief in that little cradle of the widower, with anxiety whether any time must elapse before friends would be able to find each other in the next world, he emphatically said: "No! they will be united at once." He was thinking of the babe in the cradle, and he said, "I saw that faith, when she broke in upon his meditations by exclaiming, 'suddenly.' "Well, his first wife had got him by this time!"

Goldwin Smith says aristocratic people "talk as if the mass of our fellow-creatures were nothing but a mere accident with culture. Culture? Where would culture be if the masses did not daily tend to support it? The thought of what labor endures on the stubborn grove, in the chop of the sturdy ax, the sweat of the widower, and the thought of what the wives and mothers of the poor go through, ought to banish all fastidiousness and unbrotherly feeling from our breasts. Myriads of Romans and Romans, and the thought of what the masses do to that one may write and win fame."

**New Dumas Works**

From the New York Tribune.

Dumas is engaged upon a comedy, which has for its subject the doctrine of Darwinism. "You ask me how I write," he said. "I am a comedy. When I have thought it out I take twenty leaves of paper and each act except the last, I then sit down to work. When I draw near my twentieth leaf I know that it is time to slacken. The last act is limited to seven or ten leaves. I then write the last act in all his work. He is orderly and methodical in all his work. Years ago his father said he would never become a great author, because he was too orderly. "He has twelve pairs of pants, and he wears the same pair every day, side by side in his bedroom as straight as if they were being drilled." He told the correspondent that he always dried his own room and brushed his own clothes, as relaxations after his mental labor. He has a library of some three hundred volumes, and is composed of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Moliere, and a very few others. Before all others, says the correspondent, stand the Bible, which he reads every day, and the works of the great poets and made with the greatest pleasure."

**Leaves of Gold**

Leaves of gold, one-fourth pound of groves, one ounce of salt, one ounce of mustard, one ounce of murex, one ounce of nutmeg, one ounce of allspice, one gallon of good vinegar, eight or ten grains cloves, five large lemons, and a few berries. Add all the ingredients, set it aside for twenty to thirty minutes; put it in a jar and keep it covered; stir it every day for seven or eight weeks; then strain it, bottle, cork and seal.